

It was at the headquarters at Posen that Duroc rejoined the Emperor after his mission to the King of Prussia. His carriage overturned on the way, and he had the misfortune to break his collar-bone. All the letters I received were nothing but a succession of complaints on the bad state of the roads. Chir troops were absolutely fighting in mud, and it was with extreme difficulty that the artillery and caissons of the army could be moved along. M. de Talleyrand had been summoned to headquarters by the Emperor, in the expectation of treating for peace, and I was informed that his carriage stuck in the mud and he was detained on his journey for twelve hours. A soldier having asked one of the persons in M. de Talleyrand's suite who the traveller was, was informed that he was the Minister for Foreign Affairs. " Ah ! bah ! " said the soldier, " why does he come with his diplomacy to such a devil of a country as this ? "

The Emperor entered Warsaw on the 1st of January, 1807. Most of the reports which he had received previous to his entrance had concurred in describing the dissatisfaction of the troops, who for some time had had to contend with bad roads, bad weather, and all sorts of privations.<sup>1</sup> Bonaparte said to the generals who informed him that the enthusiasm of his troops had been succeeded by dejection and discontent, "Does

<sup>1</sup> Rapp thus describes the entrance of the French into Warsaw, and adds a few anecdotes connected with that event: —

" At length we entered the Polish capital. The King of Naples had preceded us, and had driven the Russians from the city. Napoleon was received with enthusiasm. The Poles thought that the moment of their regeneration had arrived, and that their wishes were fulfilled. It would be difficult to describe the joy thus evinced, and the respect with which they treated us. The French troops, however, were not quite so well pleased; they manifested the greatest repugnance to crossing the Vistula. The idea of want and bad weather had inspired them with the greatest aversion to Poland, and they were inexhaustible in their jokes on the country.

" The French used to say that the four following words constituted the whole language of the Poles: — *Kleba ? niema; woda ? sara.* (Some bread ? there is none; some water ? we will go and fetch it.) This was all that was to be heard in Poland. Napoleon one day passed by a column of infantry in the neighborhood of Nasielsk, where the troops were suffering the greatest privations on account of the mud, which prevented the arrival of provisions. '*Papa, kleba!*' exclaimed a soldier. '*Niema,*' replied the Emperor. The whole column burst into a fit of laughter; they asked for nothing more.

" One evening at the theatre, when the curtain was very late in rising, a grenadier who was among the spectators became impatient at the delay. 'Begin!' he called out from the farther end of the pit, 'begin directly, or I will not cross the Vistula.' " (Rapp's *Memoirs*, 118-120).